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THE HERALD.

From the Congregational Journal.

Speech of Mr. Haddock,
OF HANOVER,

On the Resolution of Mr Hale, in reference to Slavery, in the House of Representatives, June 30.

Mr. SPEAKER:—I am not forward to ask the ear of the House; I trust that, keeping within the limits prescribed to the members by the Rule adopted yesterday, I shall not weary it. Indeed I enjoy so much of the argument, wit and eloquence of gentlemen about me, that I sometimes really forget, that I have any thing else to do here but to listen.

There are subjects, however, upon which, as a citizen of an intelligent free State, and more especially as one of the Representatives of the seat of the principal literary Institution of New Hampshire, where the young men of the State are instructed and disciplined in the principles and duties of life, I am not content to be wholly silent.

The question before the House is one of these subjects — a question of principle, of high moral duty, of liberty and humanity — the great question of civil history, upon which have been expended the best energies of awakened mind all over the world, and with which are connected the dearest hopes of our race.

The Resolution under consideration invites us to express ourselves on the subject of American Slavery—to speak out—to let our voice be heard as the Government of New Hampshire, as a portion of the people of the free hills and the free air of the North.

The amendment offered by the Gentleman from Weare, proposes inaction—silence. Sir, I can consent to no such thing. It is time for this State to speak, to speak intelligibly and decidedly. She cannot be still and be guiltless. It is to late for indifference, or neutrality, or delay. It is the duty of this Legislature to utter its voice in the cause of human liberty. The people of the State demand it; the country looks for it. We cannot evade the responsibility. It is the highest duty of the Government at this moment, and I rejoice to see the disposition here to meet that duty manfully and heartily. We shall not regret it; it will be among the cherished recollections of our brief public life.

Gentlemen deprecate agitation; they are alarmed at discussion; they court repose and silence. Why not dicuss this matter, Sir? Is any thing to be feared from inquiry? Any thing to be lost by consideration and courteous, earnest argument of great civil and moral questions? We propose no violence; no exercise of unconstitutional power; no interference with the domestic policy of sister States. We claim no right to strike the shackles from a single Slave. We only assert the liberty of speech; we only solicit the ear of the Master. We say to the people of the slave holding States, 'come, let us reason together.' We appeal to the conscience, the judgment, the magnanimous sentiments of the human heart. And it is matter of great joy, that this appeal is not idle or vain. It never was wholly so in any age of the world, nor on any important subject. It will not be so in this instance. It has not been so hitherto.

Discussion has done something for the liberation of the Slave already. It has done not a little. It has engaged our own attention to the condition and the rights of the oppressed.

The youngest member of this House is able to recollect when almost nothing was known, or thought, of the American Slave, in this remote part of the country. Intercourse with the South was infrequent. Jefferson had indeed expressed concern and alarm for his guilty country; enlightened philanthropists had, here and there, ventured to question the right and to condemn the policy of negro Slavery. But there existed very little knowledge of the subject, and still less interest in it among the people at large.—Men were absorbed in their own pursuits, exulting in their own freedom, and gathering together in their places of religious worship to thank God for the blessings of a free government and a free Gospel, apparently ignorant of the cruel bondage under which so many of their fellow men and fellow citizens were at the same time pining with sorrow and fainting in despair. New England mothers were soothing their infant offspring to repose with the gentle voice of prayer and the sweet hymn of praise, all unconscious that there were thousands and tens of thousands of mothers in this free, rejoicing land, who could not call their children or themselves their own. No voice was lifted up in their behalf; no prayer for them mingled with the incense of the public altar, or added fragrance to the odors of the domestic sacrifice. We labored by day, and went to our beds at night, as if no such thing as slavery existed among our people. We rejoiced as if none wept, and blessed ourselves as the freest, the best, the happiest of nations. And what do we now see? We see men everywhere becoming sensible, that all this innocence, and freedom, and happiness are marred by the toleration of a system of more relentless oppression, of more grinding, galling, hopeless slavery, than ever disgraced the earth, or defied the Heavens. The pulpit is no longer silent; public assemblies are agitated by the question of universal emancipation. The rights of the oppressor, the claims of wronged, outraged humanity, are weighed and appreciated. Not a political body can assemble, from the county convention to the National Legislature, without being excited upon the subject. Ecclesiastical assemblies are divided upon it. The State, and the Church, and the whole people, are coming to be alive to the sin and shame of American Slavery.

The two great divisions of the Presbyterian church lately met in their General Assemblies in Philadelphia. One of those bodies was addressed in a fraternal admonition upon the subject from their brethren in Scotland. The other received an epistle of fraternal reproof from their brethren in Canada. The latter, under the usual forms of courtesy and christian love, was so pungent and caustic in its remonstrance, that the Assembly, excited to indignation, were ready to refuse the document even a reading. One of the Doctors more wary and more prescient than the rest, advised to moderation, to forbearance. If, said he, we reject this fraternal letter, we renounce communion with the Presbyterian Church of Canada; if we renounce communion with the Church of Canada, we must renounce communion with the Free Church of Scotland, and with the Presbyterian Church of Ireland.—And then where is the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America? Alone in the world. And the brethren heard the Church of Canada, through, though what more they did, I am not informed. I know, however, that for the first two weeks of their meeting both branches of this church were occupied with Slavery, as a leading subject. A large part of the Unitarian Clergy have openly declared themselves abolitionists; the Freewill Baptist Church has gone over in a body to that side of the question. The Methodist Church is actually rent asunder upon it. Many of the New England Orthodox Congregationalists have taken decided and strong ground upon it. And the Episcopal Church is only waiting, as one of her sons has said, till she can 'move with dignity, propriety, and effect.'

What do we now see! Why, a total revolution, Sir, in the state of the public mind—a substantial and prevailing popular sentiment, against which no institutions can long maintain themselves—a deep seated and heartfelt respect for human rights and the blessings of freedom and knowledge and christianity, which cannot subsist in the same country, or the same age, with a systematic oppression, that cuts off millions of human beings from every thing elevating in knowledge, every thing precious in freedom, every thing divine and heavenly in our holy Religion. And this great change is one of the fruits of discussion.

Another effect of this discussion is that it has attracted to us the attention of the world. The increased intercourse among the civilized nations has introduced a new standard of national justice and honor—the public sentiment of the world. We feel the force of the opinions of mankind; we recognize the authority of the conscience of the human race. No people, of any cultivation, can be wholly regardless of this august tribunal. No usage of society, no public wrong, no national error or immorality, that falls under the condemnation of this inexorable Judge, is likely long to maintain itself. The citizen of the offending State, in his migrations and sojournings, abroad, is marked and reprobated. He feels ill at ease out of his own country. He looks back to it with mortification, and returns to it with a diminished self respect. His patriotism is humbled. As the traveller, who leaves the cabin of one of our western steam-boats, at the rising of the Sun, and emerges into the air of the verdant, fragrant morning, dreams not in what an atmosphere he has passed the night, till he returns to it; so the citizen of an inconsistent, erring, sinning Republic, bred amidst the wrongs of his native land, must go out from it, before he can see its institutions and its character in their true light. The American citizen sees the oppression practiced and justified in his own country, most clearly, and feels the shame most keenly, as he comes home again from the monarchies of the Old World. There is no longer a country of Europe, where an American Republican is secure from reproach. Our *darkness* is made to shine the world over. Our discussions have discovered our guilt; have published our disgrace; have brought down upon us the denunciation and reprobation of civilized man, every where. I take no pleasure in it as a national dishonor; but something is to be expected from it as a national remedy.

These discussions have done yet more. They have brought the LITERATURE of the world to bear upon the institution of American Slavery.

The instruments of human power are greatly changed. Armies, forts arsenals, and ships of war have ceased to be the main engines of influence among men. Government itself is a secondary agency in human affairs. The little column of mysterious characters, which so puzzled and vexed our childhood, has come to have more weight, in the history of the world, than all the bayonets and cabinets of Europe.—The press is the predominant element of our civilization. Society is more directed and moulded by it than by all other causes. And the press, in all its departments, from the great productions of Genius down to the daily effusions of fugitive thought in Magazines and news papers, is substantially free in its tone. No work of original mind, no creation of a lofty philosophic or poetic inspiration, ever breathes a slavish spirit; such a spirit is at war with the sentiments of true genius in all ages. It has nothing in it congenial with the generous views, the liberal feelings, the humane, philanthropic enthusiasm of a profound and permanent literature.

The spirit of Literature, more especially christian literature, is free and friendly to freedom. And now that the eye of the master is opened, and his sensibility quickened by public discussion of the system of American slavery, he cannot study a work of mind, he cannot read a volume of Poetry, cannot run over a romance or a novel of the day, without meeting a contradiction of his philosophy of life, or encountering a rebuke for his inhumanity to man. He cannot admire the pictures of our common nature in Shakespeare; he cannot be elevated by the grandeur of our destiny and the wonders of our redemption, in Milton; he cannot inhale the sweet breath of love from Cowper, without being impressed with respect for human nature in its lowest estate, and detestation of human slavery in its mildest form.

Were there no book but the Bible, it were itself enough to stifle the institution of slavery. I do not care, if Abraham had servants born to him in his own house, if Moses recognised slavery in his civil code, if our blessed Lord uttered not a word of condemnation of it, if St. Paul sent back a servant to his master with an epistle of commendation; still there is in the Bible a deep seated essential hostility to every form and degree of human servitude. Its fundamental doctrines of the original equality of all men before God, of a common redemption by the same blood, of a practical experience of the same grace, and a common inheritance of glory in the same Heaven—these living and glorious truths of the Gospel are all so many arguments and so many instruments of universal freedom. They that sit down together at the communion of the body and blood of Christ, and converse together, as strangers upon earth, fellow travellers to the new Jerusalem in which their common hopes all centre, and to which their weary and anxious feet are pressing with a common zeal, cannot be master and slave; they be all brethren.

But where is all this agitation to end?—Why, sir, just where all discussion ends, in a clearer conviction of truth and a deeper feeling of duty—in the progress of liberty and the elevation of man—in the advancement of the happy day, when not a son of God shall wear a chain upon his limbs or feel the iron of oppression in his soul.

It will require efforts, earnest efforts, sacrifices of treasure, and, it may be of blood. No great enterprise for humanity is ever accomplished without them. But I look to see men arise equal to the crisis, superior to all dangers, and endowed by God for their mission. The Wickliffes and Luthers, the Clarksons and Wilberforces have not all lived yet. In a great cause great men arise and enjoy a charmed life. A Providence protects them; a cloud of Divine Love is a shield all over them. The scales will fall off from men's eyes; the veil will be rent from their hearts.

And when once this point is reached—when slavery is seen in its true light, as an offence to Heaven and an outrage upon man as the curse alike of the oppressed and the oppressor, there will be no great difficulty in getting rid of it. The herds of human cattle that darken the plains of the south, will melt away as the flocks that whiten our hills do, when we have no longer any interest in multiplying them.

Mr. Speaker, I sincerely rejoice, that New-Hampshire is speaking out upon this subject. The time has gone by, when her silence is to be accounted consent to the extension, or the continuance, of negro slavery in these states. I speak not as a Whig, nor as a Democrat, but as a citizen of a free state, as a minister of the Religion of Liberty. I congratulate the people of the state and of the whole country, that the day has come, when a son of New-Hampshire cannot stand up in the National Legislature, and, sustained by the voice of Freedom, in the free north, renounce the doctrine of our Fathers, that all men are born equal; or subscribe to the policy, which seeks to strengthen the foundations and enlarge the dominion of a tyranny, in comparison with which the oppression of the American Colonies was independence. If it were in my power I would congratulate the poor victim of this oppression himself. I would whisper in his ear the cheering and sustaining message, that, in our orisons, his woes and his wasted hopes are at length remembered. It would console him under the weight of his weary bondage to know that he has new friends among the friends of humanity—new brethren in the free states, who "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

Debate upon the anti-slavery resolutions, in the House of Representatives, Thursday, July 2nd.

Speech of Mr. Christie.

MR. CHRISTIE, of Dover, having the floor, spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker,—I, sir, am not much of a political man—nothing at all of an office-seeker. I never have been, and hope to Heaven I never shall be. I am not excited upon this question of slavery and its abolition, and can consequently think and talk calmly on a topic which seems greatly to agitate the feelings of some gentlemen on this floor. But I have deeply rooted feelings. I entertain strong opinions on this subject. Opinions and feelings which I am, at all times, ready to express and avow, here or elsewhere. Sir, I sincerely sympathise with the gentleman from Haverhill (Mr. SWASEY) in his agony. That the struggles of death are painful—that the convictions of previous error are painful, particularly when made so publicly manifest—I am well aware. And I shall not, therefore quarrel with the gentleman for the language which, in the earnestness and warmth of debate, he has suffered himself to use. But I have ever been taught that when one is convinced he has been in the wrong, the proper and manly course is to come out at once, acknowledge his error, and change his ground.

The gentleman and his friends have come part way. They admit that slavery is wrong—wrong in all its aspects and wrong in all its influences. So far, sir, good! Excellent. But that is about as far as they will go, and much farther than ever they have gone before. I, sir, am for going farther still. I am for doing all that constitutionally can be done—all that we as men and as citizens of this republic, rightfully can do—towards circumscribing and extinguishing this awfully disgracing institution of human slavery. I am for contracting it within its narrowest limits, and for doing every thing in our power, legally and constitutionally, to eradicate it from the land. Is the gentleman with me? (Mr. SWASEY nodded assent.) If so, sir, there is no quarrel between us.

We have been told by the gentleman from Weare (Mr. HADLEY,) and we read it in his substitute resolutions, that the democratic party regard slavery as a moral, social evil of the first magnitude; but, at the same time, that they do not consider themselves wiser than Washington, Franklin, Madison, &c., who sanctioned its existence. This is the language:

"*Resolved*, That we deplore the existence of slavery, and regard it as a great evil, morally, socially and politically; but with this conviction, we do not deem ourselves wiser or more patriotic than were Washington, Franklin, Madison, and other worthies, the fathers of the Republic, who framed the sacred compact of our Constitution, &c."

But, sir, are we now in the same condition with Washington, Franklin, Madison, and the other worthies, when they framed the constitution? What was our condition, as a country, then and for a short time before? We had been, till then very recently, little colonies of Great Britain, provinces merely, containing, black and white together, about three millions of inhabitants; we lived under a government which had never much oppressed us, which had done many great and generous things for our benefit, but which at last became rather inclined to tell us what it thought best for us and what we should do. We would not submit to this, and I rejoice at it. I glory in the ancestry that asserted the rights and the freedom of this country. And what are we, their children, doing now and here? Our fathers rebelled, and justly rebelled, against British authority. Yet they have ever been under British protection, and had enjoyed the benefit of the British law. The rights to be tried by a jury, in a duly constituted court, to offer evidence in their own behalf, to avail themselves of the writ of *habeas corpus*, to appeal from a lower to the highest court—all these were theirs, and they enjoyed them as fully and freely as though they were Englishmen in England itself. In its necessity however, the mother country imposed upon our ancestors a small tax on tea, and passed the stamp act—and they revolted. Properly and successfully revolted, and became an independent nation.

But how is it with us now and here? Instead of three millions of slaves. Instead of sharing in the benefits of the law, these three millions are almost wholly excluded from those benefits. A white man may murder a slave in the presence of an hundred other slaves, and yet, by the laws in most of our slaves states, he cannot be convicted. The offence cannot be proved—the evidence of a slave cannot be received, though every one of the hundred may be fully as worthy of credence as that of the best of white men. The white man, in fact, may do what he pleases with his own slave, or any other slave, provided he takes care to have no other white man in the way. There are a thousand characteristics of the operation of these unholy laws which might be mentioned, but I have not risen with the purpose of discussing them.

Mr. Speaker, I have no quarrel with the democratic party. They profess great attachment to the principles of JEFFERSON, and proclaim themselves as ardent lovers of the country. Now, sir, I was young and small in Jeffersonian days and could take no part in politics. But in 1812, I was old enough to vote and to act, and I think I then found myself on the side of my country. But though always inclined to be so, I can hardly go to the full extent of the ground which some patriotic gentlemen here assumed. 'Our country,' is a watchword that awakens our deepest emotions and warmest feelings. But 'our country *right* or *wrong*,' at any rate, and at all events—sir, I can hardly think that gentlemen mean what they have said, at least to its full extent! In a certain sense, I go with them—but I also reserve to myself a power of qualification. Suppose that our country, for instance, should unwarrantably provoke a foreign power and that, in consequence, a foreign fleet should bombard our harbors and destroy our ports. Cripple as I am, I would in that case shoulder my musket for my country's defence—but I would also call upon our own government to do justice to the foe whom it had provoked. Do justly—be right; and try our disputes with other countries, if we have any, by the standard of right and justice, and not by the decision of the battle field. That is my doctrine. I do not believe in the policy of aggressive war for this nation. And though no man would be more ready to defend the country than I am, to the best of my ability, I would yet give government time to look round and consider, and see if it had not itself been in the wrong. If it had, then let due reparation be made. But if unjustly attacked, and forced into a controversy by another power, why then, sir, I would fight it out to the last. When it comes to that ground, there is no other course to take. Let me not be understood, in any of these remarks, to express any opinion as to the character of this war in which we are now engaged with Mexico. Such is not my intention.—And I mean no reflection upon the motives or conduct of gentlemen whose views lead them to pursue a different line from that which I myself take. But I think it is going rather to far to say that we will fight, and the country shall fight, right or wrong, at any rate and in all events. All this, however, is somewhat digressive.

We are told Mr. Speaker, that the democratic party are deadly foes to slavery. The gentleman from Weare (Mr. HADLEY) is wholly opposed to it. The gentleman from Haverhill (Mr. SWASEY,) to use his own words, abhors it. He, sir, has given us something like a history of his feeelings and sentiments in olden time. He has depicted his emotions at his first reading of the declaration of independence, and has told us that the same spirit which then warmed and animated the bosom of the youthful patriot—the spirit of liberty—burns there yet, with undiminished strength. I hope it is so, sir, but I confess I should like to have that same spirit bloom and flourish a little more luxuriantly and bring forth a little more fruit. If, sir, the gentleman and his party are so bitter in their hostility to slavery, why will they not come out like men and declare so? They say it is false, base and calumnious in us to assert that they have shown themselves the practical friends of the institution.—Now all that is very easily said, but such assertions are frequently the last resort of men who cannot find any thing else left to say. If, sir, the influence of New Hampshire, under the rule of that party which has until now borne sway here, has not been thrown on the side of slavery, then I do not understand what has been going on. If her delegation in the House of Representatives at Washington, has not upheld the institution, then I greatly mistake. One gentleman (Mr. NORRIS) has already been referred to. If his acts have not operated on that side and in that behalf, then I am much deceived. I do not understand the bearing of those acts. And if New Hampshire's voice in the Senate has not been raised to the same effect, then I entirely misunderstand the course of her representatives in that body. But the party is opposed to slavery. Sir, I doubt not, in the least, that the great body of all parties here—the great body of the people of New Hampshire and New England—the great body of the people of all the free States—when left to themselves, uninfluenced by demagogues, uncontrolled by selfish motives, are opposed to slavery. They know it is wrong and unrighteous.

But gentlemen urge, strenuously, that there is no contest now between slavery and freedom. Do they seriously mean that? Are all the people sitting in slumber and with folded arms, making no resistance to its progress? Is it triumphant the land throughout? If so, then indeed there is [illegible] I do not so understand it. For one, sir, I mean to resist. I will lift my hand in every proper way, to accomplish the entire extinction of slavery.

The severance of the republican union is a matter frequently referred to. Now, sir, I am attached to the union. I am proud of my country—particularly the free portion of it. But I will say this;—that if the southern states are always to be and continue slave states, if three fifths of their whole population are ever hereafter to remain in the most wretched, degrading, galling bondage that ever existed on earth, if the democratic party, or any party, expects, wishes or proposes that, if we are to lie down in supineness and make no contest against that, if the whites in the slave states by throwing the votes of their blacks in addition to their own, are always to control and rule the white population of the free states, the people who have the most work of the country to do and nearly all her expenses and wants to pay for—if, I say, all this is so, then I shall be for a separation. It is degrading to me—whatever it may be to the gentleman from Haverhill or the gentleman from Hillsboro' (Mr. AYER)—to be associated, as a citizen of a free State, year after year with states one half of whose people hold the other half in subjection worse than that of the brutes. I am ashamed of my country even when in my own country; and if it should ever be my lot to find myself in any other country, when mine was referred to as the "*free slave republic*;" I should feel deeply degraded and scandalised. We declare, in the charter of our liberties, that all men are free and equal, and yet every sixth man amongst us is held in most degrading and unholy bondage.

Heretofore, sir, and for many years it has been the error of the people of the free States that they have selected men as their representatives in Congress, who have surrendered their rights. I deeply regret this. I lament that the free States should ever have suffered the extension of the institution of slavery a single inch beyond the boundaries of the thirteen original States. They were under no obligation, and had, morally and honestly, no right to allow it to go an inch farther. And if their representatives had dared to come out like men and declare the real will of their constituents, the thing would not have occurred. If they would, even now, dare to come out like the gentleman from Dover, the evil might be stayed for the future. To be sure, like him, they would be denounced by slavery and its jackals. We have seen him pounced upon, as a lion by all the meaner animals; we know him to have been abused, traduced, scandalised and villified, because he has shown the honesty and courage of a freeman. Though not intimately acquainted with that gentleman, I happen to know something of his political actions and opinions, and I know that he was always opposed to the annexation of Texas, because it would operate for the extension of slavery. He declared so before he went to Congress, and when there he went against annexation, with twenty-nine other members, on this ground. And he had the manhood to stand his

ground, when more chicken-hearted men faltered and truckled and succumbed. Subsequently he stood alone. All these twenty-nine, with one exception—a member from New York—deserted their position and went over to the side of annexation.—But he came out like a man. Just after his last nomination he wrote a letter explaining his grounds and his reasons, that none of his constituents should be deceived or mistaken respecting them. There was no sneaking nor skulking, but a noble, manly and magnanimous avowal and declaration of doctrines. Before I saw that letter, almost before I heard of it, that 'distinguished gentleman who didn't sleep long enough by one night,' (Mr. PIERCE) came down to our part of the State to stir up some of these same gentlemen who are now so much opposed to slavery, in regard to this matter.—'This will never do in the world,' said he.—'HALE has bolted, and if we tolerate him after this letter, our views will be obsolete and our chance gone. He's for doing something in earnest. It won't do for us, and we must have a grand pow-wow and turn him out. If we can't burn him at the stake, at least we'll throw him overboard.'

Such was Mr. PIERCE's dictation, and the decree was obeyed; or, attempted to be obeyed.

They did read Mr. HALE out of the party. They did throw him overboard. But he came home. He told his constituents he was sincere and that he would not surrender his principles to any influence, or at any command under heaven. He went through the State and defended his course. He was listened to by large, attentive, I think I may say convinced audiences, till the struggle came. I need not tell the House the result of that struggle. It has made some gentlemen dance dreadfully on this floor. They can no more stand still than though they had red-hot irons under their feet.

It is such manly and determined action as this, that we need. I want my fellow-citizens in all the free States, to send men to Congress who will act up to their professions on the subject. For if slavery goes on a few years longer as it has gone on for a few years past, there will indeed be no contest; the cause of liberty will be vanquished in both Houses of Congress; and it will then be too late for us to talk of separation. We shall have no power. Slavery will be triumphant, and will reign uncontrolled in the whole land. We shall all be subjected to its dominion; or, if gentlemen better so like it, we shall all be participants in its blessings. Sir, I hope I may never live to see that day. I hope I may not see the admission of another slave State into the Union. We must stop the extension of slavery; and to do it, we must send men to Congress who will oppose it and vote against it. This is a subject paramount to all others, and there can be no inducement which should operate on any representative from a free State, to sanction the admission of another State into this Union, whose constitution tolerates the institution of slavery.

Sir, I am in favor of the resolutions as they stand. I am not friendly to the amendment proposed by the gentleman from Hillsborough, nor can I agree to his declaration that there is now no contest between slavery and freedom. There is a contest—and I want every man to be armed, *cap-a-pie*, ready to enter upon it and go through with it; to do every thing he can, in all lawful ways, to put the institution down. I do not wish to trample on the constitution or the law, unless we shall be constrained so to do, from the greater evils consequent on the policy and domination of the slave-holding power; but then, in that case and so far, I for one shall be willing to sever the bonds and rend asunder the strong ties of the constitution of our Union. Do not misunderstand me. I am not for this now. I am in favor of our using all vigorous and earnest effort, under the constitution and laws, in all kindness, to induce our southern brethren to adopt some means of getting rid of the institution themselves. My own opinion—humble, doubtless, and of little weight, of course—is that the better course for them to take, would be to liberate their slaves at once.

Sir, I thank the gentlemen for the indulgence they have shown me, and now relieve the House from any further tax on its patience.

☞ In publishing the anti-slavery speeches of the recent session, we might be accused of unfairness, unless we gave some upon the other side. To do away with any objections of this kind, to-day we give the speech of Mr. Mordough, of Wakefield,—very accurately reported, and an *average* specimen of the speeches that were made on that side of the House. We think it well to give this Speech in company with Prof. Haddock's,—that the people of New Hampshire, may contrast their intelligence, style, spirit and principles,—representing as they do the two divisions of the people of the State, as they separate on this great question of Human Freedom.

Speech of Mr. Mordough.

MR SPEAKER,—The gentleman from Dover who has last addressed you (Mr. Low) has told us something about the process of buying a horse. He says if he was a going to buy one, he'd be very particular about examining the animal, to find out if he was sure-footed and sound in wind and limb; for there was a great deal of deception in horses, and it wasn't always those that looked the best and were the sleekest and fattest that was the best horses after all. That's true. But it seems to me that the "allied army" here, and particularly the whigs, didn't remember this. There's something in the speeches and the course of the other member from Dover, (Mr. Hale,) and his present relations to the "allied army," that makes me think they haven't been quite as bright and particular as they oughter. When they made him a Senator they didn't examine close enough, (a laugh;) at least the whigs didn't when they took him up and made a Senator out of him.—They've been paying a tremendous high price for him, and they've got dreadfully cheated sir. (Great amusement.) They took him for granted. They thought from the look and action of the horse, the way he kicked up his heels and cocked up his ears, that he'd turn out a dreadful fine animal.—(Suppressed merriment.) Well, p'r'aps he will, Mr. Speaker, but I don't believe it yet. If he does, they'll fare much better than we did when we had him. (Much laughing.)

Mr. Speaker, what was the gentleman's object when he went round, stumping it through the State? Was it for the good of the slave? No, sir; no, sir. He's talked to us here a good deal about the people, and the free, and the ladies. And he's told us how we ought to consult the ladies, and respect 'em and ask 'em all about this abolition business. And he's talked to them too; he's good hand at that any how. (Laughter.) I've heerd him before. I was at a public meeting once, and heerd him speak all about it. The galleries was full, and there was a man and his wife setting right in front of one of 'em, and the woman had a little baby in her arms. And says Mr. HALE, says he—*pint*-ing right strait up to her—says he, how do you think you should *feel*, marm, if one of these southern slave drivers was to take that baby from your bosom and sell it off for a slave forever?"—"O-o-o-h!" says the woman. (Roars of laughter.) "Oh," says she, "oh, husband; oh, John, you'll vote for that man, won't you; he's so dreadful good." (Renewed shouts.) Sir, what are gentlemen laughing at? It's a serious subject, sir! (More laughing.)

Now, Mr. Speaker, what has all this talk been for? The gentleman from Dover, and his friends have said a great deal about slavery and the slaves. But have they ever done any thing to help 'em? Not at all, sir. The only object of Mr. HALE and his party, and with the whigs, and allies generally, has been to rush this same Mr. JOHN P. HALE into the United States Senate.—That's all! And he's been a going about the State, throwing round the perfumery of his eloquence, only jest to get himself sent there. That's all about it, sir. [Laughter.]

Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Manchester (Mr. CLARK) the other day said he'd slept on the gentleman's *perfumery* of eloquence over night, and when he come to think on it in the morning he found there wasn't much of any thing in it after all.—[A laugh.] If the whigs had a slept on this matter over night before they took him up, they'd have found so too—and they'd 've been much better off than they are now.—(Reiterated laughter.)

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen, this business of his is all a selfish humbug. Jest after he came out so on t'other side, I asked Mr. HALE in his own office at Dover what he kicked up such a fuss with us for. And says he to me, "Mordough," says he, "if your Mr. PIERCE had slept on it one night more, I guess this wouldn't a happened." That's what he told me. What a pity Mr. PIERCE didn't sleep on it! [Great amusement.] *Perhaps if he had*, things wou'd a been different.

Mr. Speaker, I didn't mean to say so much about Mr. HALE. It's wasting ammunition on very small game. (Peals of merriment.) But my party have been called all sorts of names, dough-faces, proslaveryties, and such like and I couldn't well stop. It's my maxim when an animal attacks me—however small and insignificant he is—to brush him off. And that's what I've done, with the member from Dover. (Laughter.) He's mighty small game, sir, but the whigs have got him, and they must make the best of him. But they'll find themselves, in the end, like a cow with a terrible big cud. They won't have strength to raise it.

The gentleman from Wakefield took his seat in the midst of almost deafening roars of laughter from all parts of the hall.

Religion of Slaveholders.—At a recent Missionary Convention in Bangor, says the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, Rev. Dr. Anderson, one of the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. remarked in regard to Polygamy, "That after a full consideration of the subject, the Missionaries came to the conclusion, that the sinfulness of polygamy was not so clearly taught in the New Testament as to make it a test for exclusion. It was, however, regarded by the Missionaries as a bar to holding church offices." We would refer Dr. A. to Matt. xix. 5—9, "*Shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.*" Dr. Scott remarks "It is observable, that Christ inserts the word 'twain' which is not in the original institution, but is added by the LXX, purposely, as it seems, to obviate all misconstruction of his meaning."

With reference to the question of slavery, Dr. Anderson said," Whether or not slaveholding, under the circumstances of the case, was inconsistent with piety, in Indian communities, the Missionaries who were excellent men, were better judges than we could be. (Why?) The rule of the Missionaries, which he thought a wise one, was to admit members on the simple ground of piety."—

And that 'slaveholding is not necessarily inconsistent with receiving a man into the church,—that it is not to be regarded as a disciplinable offence.'

In answer to enquiries, Dr. Anderson further stated that the Committee would *recall* a Missionary who should receive it to the church persons entertaining Unitarian, Universalist, or Mormon views, even though he should deem them really pious persons. *Union Miss.*

If a man stops a paper, which he likes on the whole, on account of some particular opinion advanced in it, it is a certain sign that he is convinced of the soundness of that opinion, but is unwilling to own it.—*Chrono.*

Circulate anti-slavery papers.

THE HERALD.

"My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come."

CONCORD, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1846.

☞ We had hoped to receive some contributions for the paper, from the pen of Mr. ROGERS, who is absent,—but none have come to hand.

The Mexican War.

We know not where to find language to express our detestation of the War our nation is waging against Mexico, or our astonishment at the supineness and indifference of the honest and virtuous among our fellow countrymen. This nation, to-day, before the nations of the earth and beneath the gaze of a God of Justice and Omnipotence, is murdering the citizens and burning the towns, of a weak and unoffending neighbor Republic, for the purpose of seizing upon new fields and new wealth for the extending, strengthening and perpetuating of an accursed system of human enslavement! Such is the fact—he that denies it, is a fool or a scoundrel. We use strong words. The time for such language has come. To trample upon human rights—to increase human misery—to defy the Maker of Earth and Heaven, and to scorn every attribute of His character—this nation, in this year of the christian era, eighteen hundred and forty six, is pouring its troops with all their hellish enginery of death and slaughter, over the fields of Mexico! That *votes* may be secured, and place and pelf retained, that great body of our citizens known as the Democratic Party, are active and fully committed in carrying on this movement; and the Whigs, fearful that their wily opponents may run away with all the votes of this ungodly generation, are seeking with the direst vigilance everywhere, for a participation in the infamy! To stand the politicians of the land, in relation to this great wickedness. How is it with the Church of God and the Ministers of the New Testament? At intervals amid the wild shouts of the Devil and his hosts, we hear the warning voice of a man of God. But where are the thousands of the Ministers of the land—of our Pilgrim New England? Timidly uttering the truth in half audible whispers, or silent as the Grave-yard: In God's name, let His ministers now speak out, 'ere silence becomes a crime.' In what age of the world are we living? In barbarous or civilized times? In a Pagan land—or beneath the full blaze of Christian truth and precept?

Why does not a knowledge of what is going-on in the Cabinet councils of this nation, rock the whole land as with the tossings of an earthquake? Have the people no heart—no intelligence—no love of liberty—no regard for justice and right—no respect for the opinions of the world, civilized or uncivilized—no fear of God? Our fathers! Where are they? Their principles—do they live forever? Or were they buried with the honest lips that gave them utterance? Are we all traitors to the memories and deeds of our ancestry? Have we become a nation of infidels—blank Atheists—disbelievers in God—contemners of every revelation he has made of his character and will? Are our hearts dead to all the promptings of nature? Our ears deaf to that mighty voice that comes down through the history of all the past? Shall the prattle of demagogues about Glory and brute Valor, silence every other voice of the Universe?

We entreat the people of New Hampshire to wake up to some kind of consideration of the guilt and cowardice and infamy of this Mexican conquest. Do they know, that the rulers and leading political editors of this land, are every day putting to open shame and mortification, Beelzebub himself, the prince of devils, by the transcendant blackness and depth of their diabolism? Such is the fact. We challenge any man to show any other cause or shadow of cause, for this conquest of Mexico, than the perpetuation of human enslavement? We challenge any man to show, on the part of our nation, during the inception, or prosecution thus far, of this War, a single instance of respect to individual rights, or the comity of nations, or the slightest regard for the eternal principles of Right and Justice.

The sham patriots and demagogue orators and vile newspaper scribblers, in the interests of slavery, who are urging on our people in their thoughtless and guilty career, and are barking TRAITOR, at every man who dares expose them,—these fellows who for the pelf of office, are willing to see every thing virtuous and worth preserving, swept away, should, while living, receive a portion of that detestation and infamy, that all coming time will grant them when rotting in their polluted graves.

We who oppose this War, 'Traitors'! Rather are its defenders and getters-up, the Traitors. Traitors to their own humanity, if in that charity we are commanded to exercise, they may be supposed to have any; Traitors to all the deeds and principles of their fathers; Traitors to the whole spirit and genius of the Constitution and government—for nothing can be farther from the principles and genius of this Republic than the propagation of human slavery and the acquisition of territory by military conquest; Traitors to Justice, Liberty, and every thing holy among men; Traitors to that God who made them, for purposes, wise no doubt, but purposes hid amid the 'inscrutable ways of Providence.'—*Granite Freeman.*

$500,000!

This is the handsome *daily* sum, the people of this land, (principally the laborers of the North,) are paying for the carrying-on of the War Slavery has bid them make upon poor, weak, distracted Mexico!

$10,000 a day!

—Honest, industrious, working-men of New Hampshire, remember is your proportion. Think of these things, now when you're bending your backs in the hay-field. If you are determined to hold up this slave-system, you have a heavy load. Continue, if you choose to find *men* and *money*, for the slaveholders to use in fighting their battles. The demand will continue so long as you respond to the calls. The most wasteful and disgraceful expenditures, are being made upon the Rio Grande. Steamboats, hired at $1000 a day, to transport provisions, &c., up the river, we see are announced as passing up with cargoes of "forty barrels of flour and one barrel of sugar," at a time. Thus this job will continue all the longer. The hard-working people of the north have got all this money to hammer out on their anvils, or dig from their fields. Labor has got the hills to foot.—Unless the troops shall steal their pay from the people they have invaded. That will be civilization—invade the territory of a neighboring nation—demolish their towns, murder their citizens, and then demand of those your clemency has spared, that on condition you will return home, they shall pay the expenses of the invasion. 'O tempora! O mores!'

Mistaken Kindness.

The Ladies of Lexington presented each of the officers and men of Captain Cassius M. Clay's company with a neat pocket Bible, just before their departure for the seat of war. We would not be afraid to wager our "best go-to-meeting hat" that a gallon of good old Cognac would by this time purchase back the whole lot. The *spiritual* consolations that the soldier craves are for the *stomach*, not for the heart; for the body, and not for the soul.

More Generosity.

A liberal minded store keeper in St. Louis, presented every member of a regiment of soldiers recently organized in that city, with *a whole plug of tobacco* as a testimonial of the high estimation he put upon their prompt response to the requisition of the Governor. The company gave the merchant their thanks, and excepted his gift with *three cheers*. R. W. Emerson spoke the truth when he said that "patriotism is dog cheap."

Piracy.

The Editor of the United States Gazette of Wednesday is informed that the President will in a few days send a message to congress recommending the issue of letters of marque. The U. S. Consul at Rio Janerio has written a letter in which it is stated that a gang of Buccaneers were afloat under the Mexican flag and had recently overhauled a British vessel. So we go, the government first countenances *robbery*, and then *piracy*—what next, we wonder!

P. S. We have just seen a statement that a particular friend of the President's in Philadelphia, has obtained a letter of marque and reprisal,—that his crew, consisting of "picked young Philadelphians," were all ready, and that in a few days his "long, low, black schooner" would be afloat.

'Conquering Peace' in Ox Waggons.

Two hundred Ox Waggons are building in Cincinnati for the use of the army which is to invade Mexico. We infer from this that the government is coming by degrees into Mr. Calhoun's plan of a "masterly inactivity;" or at any rate that it will go for "*moderate* measures" and taking things fair and easy.

Whiskey for the Army.

The Government has advertised for 65,000 gallons of whiskey, for the use of the army in Mexico.

Where are the VOLUNTEERS? It is said but one single individual, has legally and in fact, tendered his services to the Adjutant General, on account of the Mexican War. We know not how this may be—but think it very likely. Well, *the* Volunteer has been appointed Lt. Colonel. The Governor could n't have been much puzzled in making his selection for the office. But really if there is to be any 'revelling in the Halls of Montezuma,' Col. Wilson will need some rank and file, to help him along through some portions of the country that lie between here and the Halls.

☞ The *Militia Advocate*, printed at Alstead, comes to us this week, dressed in mourning, on account of the murder committed by the Legislature, upon our miserable, drunken *Militia Musters*! Really we cannot possibly sympathize with our brother quill, in his grief. We trust his sorrow is not of that kind that refuses to be comforted.

☞ We learn by advertisements in the N. H. Patriot, (shame on a paper that will publish such advertisements) that a young man of this village, by the name of *Joel Neal*, has added one more to the wholesale *Rum* Stores of our town. A young man who, at this day of the world, is prepared to enter upon this business, is ripe for any crime in the calendar of human guilt, and is a dangerous man in community. Such a creature will hesitate at nothing, where money is to be made. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, and the pirate will, for a richly laden bark, violate the rights of property and destroy human life.—It takes the rum traffic to blight human hope, to crush human hearts, and destroy human life, for ninepence net profit. F.

FIRST OF AUGUST. The Abolitionists of Weare have a Pic Nic celebration on the anniversary, in a beautiful grove near the centre of the town, if the weather be favorable,—otherwise in the church at the centre. The abolitionists of all the neighboring region, without distinction of clan or party are earnestly invited to attend.

☞ The evidence of the progress of anti-slavery principles among the people of this State, which is to be gathered from the recent anti slavery action of our legislature, is rather encouraging.—when we remember that the men who sat in those same halls but ten years ago, were engaged in discussing the expediency of making the printing and circulating of anti slavery sentiments in this State, a *State Prison offence*. F.

'*Sermon on War*,'—a most admirable discourse by THEO. PARKER. We will favor our readers with extracts in our next. We learn it is for sale at Capen's book store.—All who love eloquent, faithful, godly preaching, should secure a copy.

☞ Have our friends of the PIONEER struck the Herald from their exchange list? No paper received these three weeks.

☞ The abolition of *Militia Musters*, in our State, is a matter of real rejoicing. And considering the great military parade that was had in town during the session of the Legislature, when our little Capital for days was thronged with valiant men, rigged out in fustian and rooster-feathers, and the fact too, that at this very time the nation is engaged in War,—this triumph of sense over folly, is wonderful. But the world *is* jogging upward.

The HUTCHINSONS came passengers in the Cambria. Welcome! Welcome!

☞ We learn from the Boston Washingtonian, that HENRY CLAPP arrived in Liverpool, on the 1st inst., in good health and spirits.

☞ By foreign papers received by last steamer, we have intelligence of the safe arrival at Liverpool, of ELIHU BURRITT. He is enthusiastically welcomed by the English press.

A few days since, a negro man belonging to Captain Newport, of East Baton Rouge, La., while closely pursued by the dogs of Mr. Roark, ascended a tree and hung himself. Mr. Roark, with Capt. Newport's son-in-law and overseer, were in pursuit of a runaway slave. They did not know that this negro was out.

We clip the above paragraph, from a column of unimportant miscellaneous items, in the Boston Morning Post, of Monday, where it is published without comment, and as of no special moment. That small paragraph tells more than columns, of the character of American institutions. Citizens, guilty of no crime, save a desire to be free, hunted by dogs, and as a choice of evils, driven to *suicide!* God have mercy upon this people!—Else his Justice will utterly consume them.

A WATER FIGHT. In Woonsocket, R. I., on the Fourth, two Irishmen fighting on a canal bridge, were ordered to desist by Deacon Aldrich, a pious and peaceable man; but he was immediately attacked by the pair of them. It being against his principles to fight, he seized one of them about the waist, and *jumped with him into the canal!* Hereupon the crowd rushed upon the bridge, which gave way, and the entire mass was precipitated into the Blackstone. One man had his leg very severely broken. None were drowned; and many who anticipated dining on a roast pig, were compelled to take up with a *cold duck!*

DRUNKARDS. There are three classes of drunkards—those known only to God—those known to God and the world, but not to themselves—those known to God, the world, and themselves. KIRK.

REV. DR. HAWKS. The Editor of the Christian Reflector gives the following account of this remarkable divine.

On the second Sabbath which I passed in New Orleans, I accompanied my friend Capt. B., of the ship Isabella, to hear the Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Christ's church. Dr. H., having formerly been settled at New York, is well known in the Northern States, and is distinguished for his eloquence and earnestness as a pulpit orator.—He is held in high reputation here, but can hardly be said to be popular, from the fact that the populace cannet get an opportunity to hear him.

His congregation is wealthy, and (to use a term which many regard as complimentary rather than offensive) very aristocratic. They pay enormous pew rents, and rarely offer their unoccupied seats to a stranger. Visiters fill a seat in front of the pews: surrounding the pulpit, but even to this they are not invited or attended. The sexton sent us into one corner of the singing gallery, among a crowd of other interlopers and whispering boys. We had a hard seat, although the congregation was large below, looked down on many a vacant cushion which we should have at least preferred. However, we heard the great Dr. Hawks. His voice is clear, musical and powerful, and is modified elevated and depressed, as the sense and style require.

His eye is not at all confined to the printed or written page; he appears like one who can recite the whole as we can run through the alphabet—never miscalling, hesitating or repeating—never to doing or uttering aught that any one can see how it might have been done or spoken better. Dr. H. is an artist. His gesture is as perfect as his elocution. His sermon was far less effective than many weaker and rougher ones which we have heard, but it contained thoughts the most sublime, and apostrophes the most beautiful and striking. Its merits were of too high a grade and too purely literary to consist with a deep religious impression on the common mind. Yet he made direct and solemn appeals. His theme was Christ's resurrection—the pledges and promises contained in that great fact, to the church of Christ and to immortal man. We found it difficult to hear him at such a distance, and among restless children, but were well repaid for the painful attention we gave.

Dr. H. appears to be about fifty years of age. His eye is very black, and his complexion dark; the aspect of his countenance is serene, but, I thought care-worn and expressive of sad experiences. His society are about building a new church edifice, more spacious and imposing than the very respectable one they now occupy. Possibly they will have more room for strangers.—The salary which Dr. H. receives is $6000 and his house rent. He now preaches but one sermon on the Sabbath.

It is not very wonderful that the Rev. Dr.'s eye is very black and his complexion dark.'—He is in fact a colored man—having African blood in his veins. He was born at Newbern, North Carolina, and the fact of his colored blood is there very well known, though he has not probably boasted of it in New York and New Orleans, and few of those who have listened to his eloquent preaching are probably aware of it. His white relatives who are among the highest families of North Carolina, did for him, what it would have been honorable in them to have done in other cases, adopted him as white. They gave him all possible advantages of education, and we see the result. It was different with a cousin of Dr. Hawks. He also had white blood as noble as any. But he grew up a slave. He became one of the best house carpenters in Newbern. His owner fell into pecuniary embarassment and he was sold, away from his wife and six children, for $1,500, and taken to New Orleans. He contrived to secrete himself in the hold of a northern vessel, but after getting off the Balize he was discovered, sent back and severely flogged. Six months after he tried it again, stowed himself in the hold of a New York packet with a jug of water and flitch of bacon. In that dark, noisome place he staid, thumping about till the vessel reached New York, and then stole out, one putrid sore from head to foot. There was a 'middle passage' to freedom for you!

When he recovered from his bruises we had the pleasure of directing him to his cousin Dr. Hawks who gave him a five dollar bill towards redeeming his wife and children from slavery.—He was a fine looking man and when straightened up gave a high idea of the stock from which he sprung in the 'old North State.' Probably he too, for he was a religious man, would have made a distinguished divine if he had been placed in the same circumstances as his cousin.—*Chronotype.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

LETTERS FROM 'THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.'

NUMBER EIGHT.

FRIEND TRIBUNE: A Driver up through, yesterday afternoon, from down country, stopped his horses down off against me by the Guide-Board, and put his tin horn up to his mouth—one of these stage-horns I told you of, they used to blow when they first run stage through the Notch — put it up to his mouth, and poised it up the mountain, and blowed a blast—seemed as if the creature meant to wake up the dead. I came within one of *turning round*, as it were, it rung up by me so sudden, so sharp, and so *alarming* like, as if there was *trouble;* and it wasn't a second after, seemingly, he hollered with all his might, as if he was hollering to me, or to the top of the mountain, and he said, says he, as loud and high as he could scream it—"THERE'S WAR IN THE COUNTRY!!" That's the words he said, and all he said; and he gathered up his straps in his hand, give his whip a crack, and a short toot on his horn, and started his horses, and was off. He never said a word, who the war was with, or what it was about.

"War in the Country," friend Tribune! Is it possible the creature told me the truth? I call him *creature*, he startled me so. I like these Drivers. They tell me pretty much all I find out, now-a-days, since the Teamster stopped teaming, and Uncle Quiler carrying the mail. There a'n't a likelier set of men than the Stage Drivers. But, is it true there is *War* with you? Why, the sound of the accursed old word startled me here among the clouds, and would have *started* me, for what I know, if I had been a man to be moved. Not that I was scared—of course not. I am up here out of reach of their guns and blunderbusses; and if I wa'n't, I was'nt brought up, as you may say, on thunder, to be scart at a gun. I'm too used to be struck with lightning, to be afraid of your small shots. But I was hurt—grieved—I was angry, shamed and mortified, to think I belonged to the same parcel of creation—that I was part and parcel of the same granite and face of the earth, with folks professing to have brains in their heads, and bowels of any sort in them, and only *two* feet, and yet be catched in such scrape as *War*, here on the upper side of the world, and at this time of the world's day. Friend Tribune, it made me so ashamed, it made me almost mad.

War! Who with, and what about? What are you at war for? You want to get shot! You want to be killed! You wont make out—more than half of you, or may be not a third. If you all could that went, there would be more sense in it. But you won't, a third of you. You may get killed, by inches along—but what I mean, not outright—shot down square—so as to *lay put.* The object is, I suppose, to kill every one dead, on both sides, and if they could, it would be worth while. But they can't, half of them, get hit. Some of you have the luck to, and come home, (or what used to be home,) with one leg less than you went; the other left behind, somewhere, for the dogs to gnaw, or the crows to pick at; hobbling along, the rest of the way you have to walk, on one leg, the other trowsers-leg hanging loose with nothing in it, or else a stick of wood. Handy, for such of you as have to work for a living—or is n't it the working people of you that do the fighting? And one arm—the other shot off or hacked off—splintered up first, may be, by a shot, and then sawed off by the Surgeons you take round to mend up and finish off. Sometimes an eye gone. I should think you'd see all better with a couple. And a jaw shot off. And then you have to lay out nights, where you can't all get lodging, and lay on the ground, and get colds and rheumatiz and the tysicks—and get broke of your rest,—and where you get killed, lay sometimes all day, and may be a night, before you can die. Some of you, they tell me, not fairly killed, but what they call mortally wounded, lay sometimes hours and hours before they can die—and sometimes, when the weather is hot, are apt to be dreadful *dry. Dry* for *drink*, when they're shot down—hearty people and blood circulating—and especialy when they'd *been stirring* before they were shot. The sun out hot, they say they're dreadful apt to be *dry*—and they can't always get water handy. Time must seem long, friend Tribune, when any body's shot down so, and has to lay some hours—sometimes a dead horse laying partly on you, and you *terrible dry*, and nobody you can call on,—and lay there, *thinking of your folks!* I don't know. It it isn't *very* necessary, and a thing you *can't get along without*, I would try to get along without it.

And who are you at war with, friend Tribune?—Is it Indians? I thought you had got the Indians civilized up pretty much by this time. Have n't you '*removed*' some considerable of them? I heard you were '*extinguishing*' their '*titles*' somehow, so as to *own* their lands yourselves—and that you had 'Christianized' some with *rum* and so on, so as't you'd got them pretty well thinned off. And some removed into the woods yonder toward sundown, you was sending Missionaries among, with an idea of '*extinguishing* their *titles*' *there*, when the settlement got along to where they were, and give 'em a chance, what there was of 'em, to try their *canoes*, when you had 'annexed' the land, all of it, and hunt 'em up some islands, if there was any that had n't been *discovered* by any body. It can't be the Indians you're at war with, I think.

Is it the black people? You've got some black people, they tell me, down South—a dark complect people—the people they call SLAVES. I did n't know but they might be getting *uneasy*. I suppose you check 'em up a little, in some instances. I've heard you did, and I've thought whether or no they would n't get *restless* after a while, and set some of your buildings a-fire, especially if they were any thing of a *jealous* make. It is a little *resky*, friend Tribune, to keep people *short of their rights*. If you do allowance these dark people, allowance them of their rights and liberties, you better be a little careful. They'll squirm by and by, when there gets to be a number of 'em—a number of thousand. Friend Tribune, to tell you the truth, if you've got any people among you that you keep *Slaves*, I shouldn't wonder if they made you trouble. I should n't have wondered to hear your war was with them. Are there any black people handy by you, that are *not Slaves?* Any *islands* of 'em? Your States ain't at war, are they?—'dissolving the Union'? I understood some people among you were getting up a 'Dissolution' between the North and South States about this Slavery. People that were *peace* people and that went so far they did n't *train* or do any *voting*, that were advising some of the States, Massachusetts State, for instance, to have a 'Dissolution' with the States that had Slaves in them. Now I had n't heard that any of the States *differed in opinion* about having Slaves in the country, that they should think of quarreling about that matter.—Carolina State, for instance, has Slaves in it, and Massachusetts State hasn't any—but then she is willing Carolina should have, if I'm informed right, and against any body in Massachusetts saying any thing against it, at home or any where. I've heard they were, and all the States but a-*greenish*-looking one off here to my right. I don't see why the States should go to war about a thing they did n't differ in opinion about. I guess it can't be 'Dissolution.'

And it can't be with Old England—I should have heard the guns Canada-way; and the troopers would have been marching through the Notch to "take Canada."—There's been several wars with England, and the first thing always is to "take Canada." I remember the guns up about the Lakes and a place called Quebec, one Wolle got killed there and a man by the name of Montgomery. Smart, active men, they were. And there was one Arnold, and a young hawk-eye by the name of Burr, Aaron Burr. He went through with them out East here to take Quebec. I didn't know but they might be getting nto a difficulty with old England about the pine timber down East, though they told me Dan Webster had got them together on both sides and agreed upon a division line. Somebody going by, told me they were trying to rip up the settlement in Congress, that Webster had made, and have a war to settle it over again. One Ingersoll and some others, and a Dickinson. But I tell you, friend Tribune, if you've got a line settled, you better let it stand rather than have a War. War never settles lines.—It is more apt to *stir up* than to *settle* anything. It settles folks, "for life," I was going to say, but longer than that, with a "final settlement." But it *unsettles* every thing else. It unsettles bounds and the lands on their borders, and sometimes unsettles a country an I unpeoples it. It makes new lines sometimes, but it is no help finding old ones, or finding out the right in any matter in dispute. You fight, and kill, and lay waste; tear up fields and tread down harvests, and scatter the people. And, along after your track travels Famine, and hard upon that, Pestilence, as you call it.—Hard customers, these three, and trying to a country—War, Famine, Pestilence! And widows—you'll find widows after a War as thick as these little toads after a thunder shower. Hard-working women, in a general way, with a large family of small children. Their husbands, working-men, drafted, as they call it, away from home.—They never draft the idle people. The idle people declare the Wars and set 'em a-going but, I believe, as a general thing, they leave it to the working people to do the fighting and pay the bills, one way and another. It all comes out of them finally. And it is *their* wives you'll find the widows. And fatherless children—bright little children—no fathers. Their fathers shot down and thrown into a hole, a whole neighborhood of them, sometimes, just as they are shot down. It makes it hard for the widows.—And the times grow hard, which makes it worse. A widow woman with a family of children that depended on her husband to get them bread by his labor, and he gets killed, and times come on hard, she and the children has a hard time on't. But, as I was saying, it can't be England that you are at War with, and I hardly know who it can be. There was a talk of Nullification some years ago, friend Tribune. Some of the States wanted it, I believe, instead of having a Tariff that some others wanted, and they talked of having a War about it then, to see if they could find out by a War which would be the best for the country—the Nullification or the Tariff. It was the time old Mr. Hickory was the President.—They tell me one of his children is in now—"Young Hickory." A tough name enough. Why they did'nt have the War, I do not know. There was other things talked of; I remember hearing, seems to me, Sub Treasury. But I didn't make inquiry.—They ha'n't got the Nullification up again, have they? I tell you, friend Tribune, you can't tell by a War. It don't learn you anything only to hate work afterwards.—And what do you get by it? You get your land manured. But then manuring it with your own bones is costly. They tell me bones is good for the land—man-bones better than any. They tell me some farmers in England went some ways after a load of bones—to a place called Waterloo, where there had been a tussle and some got killed. They went clean there from England after their bones to dung the land with, and some of the bones was English. If you want to dung your land, there may be some use in having a War. Though they say a coating of some kind of fish is better, I don't know. Take a laying of men, young men, kill 'em and spread 'em over the ground and let 'em lay in the sun awhile—sun-rot'em—"rotting in the sun," as the Teamster us'd to say. They had a War at a place called Blenheim, one Marlborough was Captain. "What they kill'd each other for" puzzled people, but since they have found out that man-bones make the best dressing for ground, it must have been for that. "And many thousand bodies there lay rotting in the sun." Spread—to rot, likely, before they plowed 'em in. I should think they ought to be spread. Putting them, many in a hole, wouldn't be so well. They say 'dunging in the hole' any way isn't so good for the land. Costly dressing, friend Tribune, I should think, *farmer's bones.* 'Boning down to it' at a hard rate! But I don't know; I've no farm. But who is the War with? There was talk about Texas off yonder. Some people were saying you talked of 'annexing' a place by that name. I don't know as I have a right idea of this 'annexing.' I took it, it meant taking some way besides buying. I hope isn't that kind of *taking* you call *stealing*, where one of you does it alone. That Texas, if I understand it, was a part of a place called Mexico. I us'd to hear about it. How one Cortes went there from some of the old countries a long time ago, and undertook to "annex" the whole of it to the country he came from. And did annex it, the whole of it. But somehow or other it did n't finally keep 'annexed,' though it did for some time. It got back again, and I believe Cortes and his country were unlucky ever after. And some laid it to what they did—annexing Mexico. If it was that, friend Tribune, you better be a little careful about getting a part of this Mexico in that way. If you haven't got *land enough* and want more, you better get it some way fairly.—I wouldn't annex it, if annexing is what I name. Some said it would get you into War with these people if you annexed any of their country. If you did annex that Texas, friend Tribune, I shouldn't wonder to hear your War was about that, and with Mexico. Now tell me if it is. If you've annexed Texas the War is with this Mexico. And if it is, I tell you you won't prosper in the long run, in my opinion. Did you ever hear how it came out with that Spaniard's country—he was a Spaniard, from Spain—a grand old country, they tell me.—I wonder whether it done well after it annexed Mexico! The more I think of it, the more I am inclined to think your war is with Mexico, and about this Texas.—The Spaniard annexed Mexico, they tell me, to get gold. There was a Montezuma living there, and had a fine Hall in his house. They say that devil of a Cortes broil'd him on a bed of coals, and then went and 'reveled in his Hall.' I don't want to speak ha'sh, friend Tribune, but to broil a man made me speak hasty. If you've annex'd that Texas you're at War with Mexico; that is if Mexico is anything of a country. Because if she let you annex a part of her land without agreeing to it, (for that, I take it, is *annexing* a place,) she must fight with you or let you annex more, and go on annexing till you annexed every foot she had, as the Spaniards did. Did you ever hear, friend Tribune, how they came out, them Spaniards for annexing Mexico? It seems to me, I've heard somehow or other, that they didn't do so well after it. But if you've annexed Texas and Mexico didn't fight with you about it, it is because she isn't a country. Texas used to be part of Mexico. If you didn't buy it of her, it belongs to her now. It couldn't be yours any other way. It couldn't run away. I've heard of property running away, late years; but not *land*-property. Property 'takes wings,' but I never knew of it's 'taking to its heels'—*land*-property, nor any other, till lately. Friend Tribune, a word farther about this Texas business. What did you annex it for? You call this country 'the area of freedom.' I don't know what it means. But suppose it is anything good, do you want to make it any wider—'extend' it as you may say, by *foul* means? What if this Texas undertook to join you, herself; if she did, and Mexico didn't fall in with it? Was it treating her handsome, as a country, to *let* Texas join you? I don't know but you are the strongest, and may be you'll go on, and annex Mexico—the whole of it—as the Spaniard Cortes did, and revel, as he did, in the 'Hall of Montezuma,' if the old building is left standing. But I tell you friend Tribune, if you do, you better think of the Spaniards, and of their old country. Iberia, I believe they call'd it. I've heard the Teamster hum over old lines about her, if it's the same country,—'Art thou, too, *fallow*, Iberia!'

The same country, I guess, and they'll say over such lines about you, by and by, if you *annex* other countries' lands, especially *weaker* countries. Why don't you annex Old Britain's country—Canada, up back here? Don't pick upon a feeble country, friend Tribune, it makes me jealous for the honor of the o'ld land here, that we make part of, as *I do*, and you live on it. Anything that brings shame on your Land, brings, friend Tribune, abiding, perpetual, I may say, everlasting reproach on

Your friend,

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Franconia Notch, May 30. 1846.

From the American Citizen.

John Randolph's Slaves.

John Randolph by his will directed that his slaves should be emancipated. The cupidity of the connections of Mr Randolph urged them to break the will of the testator, and for many years they struggled to keep those poor blacks in bondage. Finally after a tedious series of legal trials, the slaves obtained their emancipation; and a few weeks ago they passed through Cincinnatit, somewhere about three hundred in number on the way to Mercer county Ohio, where land had been purchased for them, and which location had been selected because that county has been settled to a considerable extent by a colored population.

They were landed at Bremen on the Miami Canal, but the citizens of the neighborhood assembled, and declared their purpose to enforce the laws of the state, and have the agent till 10 o'clock the next day to depart with his company. Thus forced to leave they passed about twenty-three miles down the canal and there encamped, not knowing what further to do.

And what are they to do? Driven from Virginia by laws that would enslave them if they remained there, they find in Ohio an inexorable prejudice, that refuses them a place for the soles of their feet; and an inoffensive company of men, women and children, can find no protection from a government for the purpose of establishing justice and securing liberty.

Surely the people of this land will bring upon themselves by their own wicked measures a day of terrible retribution. In desperation the colored population may yet court death rather than live under their crushing oppression; and when death shall have lost all terror to them, terrible will be the vengeance they will wreak upon their oppressors. Sad and mournful will be the day, when goaded to extremity the oppressed in our land begin the work of self-destruction by an effort to free themselves from cruelties of the white race. They may be subdued but it will be nevertheless an awful day for us. Would that our people could see before it is too late that our true safety is to be found in breaking the yoke of oppression, and in proclaiming liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof We sat down to write on this subject with the intention of giving expression to our feelings in the language of severity. But in view of the fact that the people who thus act are heeping up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, we feel more disposed to contemplate the merciful prayer of the crucified Jesus—"Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Randolph's Slaves. The Negroes have returned to near Piqua. Judge Lee has gone up to give security that they shall not become a charge upon the township. That done, further opposition to their settling on their lands is not expected.—*Cin. Gazette of the 12th.*

GEORGE THOMPSON.—The last of the three young men who were in the Missouri Penitentiary has been released by the Governer through the intercession of his father.

Mr. Thompson "does not believe that he or his companions committed any immorality in what they did, though he admitted to the Governor that he was imprudent.

MILITARY PIETY.—We have nowhere seen it more fully illustrated than in the following toast drinked at the recent celebration of the 4th of July at Camden, Maine.

By Joshua G. Norwood. The surviving Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution—May the recent battles of *Palo Alto* and *Resaca de la Palma* remind and admonish those, who are daily ceasing to be numbered among the living, joyfully to adopt the language of pious Simon "Now, Lord, lettest now thy servant depart in peace."

Charles T. Torrey.—Meetings are being held in various places commemorative of this noble martyr. The death of Torrey will yet effect more in the destruction of the Southern prison house than he could have accomplished had he never been sentenced to the Penitentiary. The Almighty makes the wrath of man to praise him,—*Am. Citizen.*

CONCORD, July 12

Dear Brother Rogers: It is with very unusual feelings that we now write to you.—HENRY REMOND, our infant son, departed to the spirit land, on the second of this month; aged one year, eleven months and six days. His sickness was very short, and his departure sudden. We wished that no priest might be in to officiate at the funeral of our child, and expressed our desire that the little friendly gathering might be oppressed by no forms, but be free and social.

To this, strenuous opposition was made, and the presence of an officiating priest insisted on. We then declared our intention that rather than be thus fettered, we would withdraw and leave them to bury the remains of our beloved little one. At length it was it was intimated to us, that we might proceed as we chose. We then went on, expecting no more distress or annoyance. However on the evening of the day preceding the funeral we ascertained that a priest had been secretly invited, and accordingly, on the next day, near ten o'clock, A. M., as the ceremonies were about to commence, we withdrew and walked out into the fresh air of heaven, and roamed beneath the shade of beautiful woods, to drink in the balm that nature sheds for wounded hearts. We left our dear and beautiful clay in the hands of the intolerant. It was our testimony in favor of freedom of thought and opinion, and our protest against an order, the existence of which is an immense barrier to the freedom of our race.

With regard to the state of our infant now, it is a sweet reflection that the mind of our dear babe, which was budding with such promise here on earth, will be nutured in a more genial clime and be developed under better influences.

Yours for unrestricted and universal Freedom,

JOHN B. and MARIAH F. CHANDLER.

First of August, at Weare,

There will be a meeting at Weare Centre, on the 'First of August,' in commemoration of West India Emancipation. The *Rogers Family* have engaged to be present on the occasion. There will be addresses also, from different individuals. The friends of freedom, are particularly invited to attend, The meeting will commence at 10 o'clock A. M. Refreshments will be provided free of expense, for all. Come friends, at home and abroad, let us have a noble gathering. Let us give one day to the cause of Liberty—one day to rejoice with the already free—one day to 'remember those yet in bonds as bound with them.'

Weare, July 18, 1846.

REMITTANCES.

Francis Turner, Charlestown, Mass,	$2 00
Ruth E Stuart, Lowell Mass.	1 50
Benj. Wells, 2d, Sutton,	1 50
James A. Clay, Gardiner, Me.	3 00
Thomas D. Barr, Middleport, N. Y.	45

Miscellany.

From a British Magazine.

MEMOIR OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

At the moment when ill-will and discord seemed about to be fomented between the Old and New World, four young Americans have come before us like heralds of peace and good-fellowship. They have been cordially welcomed in England, as all advocates of human advancement ought ever to be; and it is not saying too much when we assert that they have done their part towards strengthening in the public mind a spirit of forbearance and peace. The Hutchinson Family are exactly what Americans—the children of a young, bold republic—ought to be; full of fresh, original character; free from conventionalities, whether of society or opinion; vigorous in intellect, ardent in spirit; and combining, with all the simplicity and tenderness of the child, the wisdom and the expansive views of the man. Their singing is a perfect illustration of their own nature and character, deriving its great power and its greatest charm from the absence of all art. It owes nothing to trick or artifice of any kind; every word is distinctly enunciated, and the true natural expression is given to every sentiment; and the listener feels, that while the most exquisite and pure taste and skill are employed, that which really charms him most is, a revelation of the singer's own lofty and unspoiled nature, and that it is great and effective, because it is the expression of truth.

The character of their music is peculiar and original, not exactly resembling either the part-songs of the Germans or our English glees, which are much more artificially constructed. There is a charming nationality about it, and a spirit of psalmody about it which is easily explained when the peculiarities of their life and training are understood. Many of the pieces they sing are not *songs*, in the ordinary sense of the words, but poems of a high order; as, for instance, Longfellow's Excelsior, Hood's Bridge of Sighs, the Paupers Funeral, Tennyson's May Queen, &c. Their voices are soprano, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, are extremely fine and well trained, and besides the effect of long practice in singing together, have that beautiful affinity which belongs to family voices, and which renders the whole so exquisitely harmonious.

These interesting young people belong peculiarly to the present age, and their songs bear upon the questions agitated at this time, whether in the old or new world—peace, temperance, the abolition of slavery, the cause of the poor and the oppressed—which are all advocated by eloquent strains of music, appealing to the inmost heart. some people think that in this working-day world of ours, music has little to do with topics so grave as these, and that its principal business is to enliven our hearts and dispel our cares and for such as these the Hutchinsons have an infinite variety of comic and national songs, full of fun and humor, and as fresh as life in the Far-West.

Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, are the four youngest of the twelve now living, out of sixteen children of the Hutchinson family. Their maternal grandfather, by name Leavitt, lived in Mt. Vernon in New Hampshire, and was a builder by trade. He built many houses in Boston, but he most prided himself upon being the builder of many churches and meeting houses in divers towns and villages in the State. He was a stout republican, zealous in the cause of his native land, and one of the firmest supporters of her liberty against the aggressions of the mother country. In character he was deeply religious, and being possessed of great natural musical talent, was extremely fond of psalmody and church music. His two youngest daughters, Sarah and Mary, inherited from him this gift in a still more remarkable manner, and their singing in churches and meeting-houses was celebrated far and wide. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the life they led; they spun and wove their own family clothes; practiced their songs over the wheel and the loom, and on Sundays or meeting-days sung in the church or the meeting-house.

Mary, when she was singing one day in a village choir, stole the heart of a young man from Amherst, in the same State. This was Jesse Hutchinson, the son of a farmer, a very religious man, and a deacon of the Presbyterian church. This youth, also, like her, had been from his boyhood remarkable for his musical talent. He had a brother, also, gifted like himself, and they, too, were celebrated through the whole country for their musical powers. But, though their father was a rigid Presbyterian, and a deacon of the church, his sons were famed for their fun and merriment, which they brought every where with them. They went with their violins from village to village, and wherever they went they were welcome; not only because of the gay and merry songs which they sung, but because their violins were a summons to a general dance, which it always lasted, till daybreak. From some cause, however, a great change came over his mind; he considered this life of gaity to be sinful, and regarding his violin as an incentive to it, cut the offending "merry bit of wood" in two and made it up into tobacco boxes, and from that time permitted himself only to practice church music. It was soon after this change and about four and forty years ago, when in his best home-spun suit, and his hair tied in a queue behind with a black ribbon, and a broad beaver on his head, he presented himself to a beautiful young singer in the character of a lover. She was then sixteen; too young to be married, she said, and was hard to persuade. Her father, who thought very highly of the young man, who had borne a most excellent character, and who was come of so excellent stock, pleaded for him; but she would not consent, and leaving him in the parlor, she went to bed. He sat up alone all night in the room, and the next morning when she went in, there she found him; but she was still resolute, and he set off to Salem, thinking that time and absence might operate in his favor; and he was right. On his return, she was glad to see him, and though still young, consented to be married. These were the parents of the Hutchinson Family, "the good old fashioned singers," as the family song says, "who still can make the air resound."

On his son's marriage, old Deacon Hutchinson gave up his house and farm to the young couple, and retired to a small house near them; and Sarah, whose voice and character were like those of an angel, went with her sons to her new home. A word or two must be premitted here on this most heavenly-minded woman—a woman, who being one that the gods loved died young; and that principally because, though her life was so short, her spirit seemed always to be present in the family, exercising, as it were, a purifying and ennobling influence on all.

Jesse Hutchinson and his young wife were the first Baptists in Milford, and were the martyrs of their peculiar religious opinions in the neighborhood; they frequently opened a large barn as a meeting house, and endured no little persecution.

In those days carriages were not used, except by the wealthy, and these excellent people who had fourteen miles to go to their meeting-house, rode on horseback, in the old fashioned way of saddle and pillion, she often with a child on her lap. The country round their home was hilly and woody, and of a peaceful, pleasant character; and their life within doors was singularly happy and united. It was a home of affection, comfort and prosperity; and here fourteen children (thirteen of whom were sons) were born. Sorrow, however, will enter, even in the most blessed of earthly homes. The angelic minded Sarah died, and so did the eldest child, when only six years old. The child like all the rest of the family had a wonderful fine voice, and was remarkably beautiful. He was always up first in the morning, and was heard through the house singing like a lark. His death was very affecting. His father and uncle were at a saw-mill at some distance, where he was sent each day with their dinners. While they sat and ate, the little fellow amused himself by playing among the sawn boards which were reared up to dry; one day the wind rose and blew down the boards upon him, which caused his death.

Years went on; the elder children grew up to man's estate, and the place was too straight for them; the parents and younger children, therefore, removed to one of the valleys below, on the bank of the Souhegan river, to a place called Burnham Farm; and thenceforth the former family residence took the name of Old Home Farm. At this new home the two younger children, Asa and Abby were born.

The father of the Hutchinsons has all his life been in principles a non-resistant, and has carried out his principles so far into practice as never to sue a man for debt. He is an abolitionist, and a decided liberal in politics; and has, as might be expected, suffered greatly for the maintenance of his opinions. He is described by those who know him, as a man of noble and independent character, full of kindness, and remarkable for hospitality, even in a country where hospitality is not so rare a virtue as with us. But the guests he most warmly welcomes are the poor and friendless; these he entertains bountifully, and then speeds on their way. From their mother, who likewise is a person of much boldness and decision of character, combined with great tenderness and affection, they learned singing as children; she had fine taste, as well as natural power; and afterwards the younger branches of the family were trained by two of the elder brother, who devoted part of their time to this purpose.

It was with great reluctance that her father, notwithstanding his own musical talent, would consent to his children singing in public; accordingly, some years ago, he made a deed of gift to his sons of the Old Home Farm, on condition that they should all stay at home, cultivate it, and devote themselves to a quiet country life. Recollecting his own youth, and with all the old Presbyterian horror of fiddling and profane music, he would not consent to money being spent on such vanities. The first violin in the family was Judson's; that very one on which he now accompanies himself so charmingly, in that sweetest and saddest of all pathetic songs, "The Emigrant's Lament," or which supplies such comic meaning to many a comic song, as "Down East," "Colonel," &c. To purchase this violin, Judson worked hard on the Old Home Farm, cultivating garden vegatables on his own account, until he had sufficient for his purpose. After this, of course, another difficulty occurred, and this was to reconcile his father to it.

Before the violin was purchased, they sometimes, when at work in the cornfields, supplied the want by a simple rustic instrument formed from the corn-stalk, called in their country the corn-stalk fiddle; and Asa, who was always fond of the violoncello, used to keep time in the village choir on Sundays by rubbing his forehead against the back of the old wooden pew, by which he could produce somewhat the effect of that instrument. It may not be amiss to mention here that their vocal practice was mostly in the fields—"the happiest place on earth," as one of them has said, "to sing in," excepting when in an evening they returned from the fields, and all joined in one chorus—father, mother, sisters, and brothers—in singing some good old fashioned tunes which they had heard from infancy, which are ever new and never to be forgotten. But to return to the violin, which Judson worked for so hard.

He practised on his violin secretly, and in the meantime John also possessed himself of one.—Whether the one emboldened the other or not we cannot say, but it so happened one day the two brothers played "Washington's March" within their father's hearing, though at that time unknown to them. To their great astonishment, but to their infinite relief, he made no objection to the violins, which now came forth into open day-light, and his consent was soon after obtained to their devoting themselves to their art.—They now organized their little community into bands; four of whom were always to remain at home to work on the farm, whilst the others were out on their musical tours. They commenced singing in public in 1841. At this very time, besides the four in England, another quartett—Joshua, Caleb, Zephaniah, and Rhoda, are travelling in America. It has been beautifully and appropriately said of this interesting family, that they have one quartett in heaven, one in the Old World, and one in the New, and one remaining to work on the Old Home Farm. The necessity, however, that there seemed to be for a fifth brother to accompany the quartett to England, to take the management of the business department, has left, at this moment, but three on the farm; and in speaking of those in England, we must not omit to mention this fifth brother Jesse, of whom the public know nothing. He is considered by the quartett themselves as superior to them in talent, and is also the author of several songs which they have made familiar to the public; for instance, "Get off the Track," The Slave's Appeal," "The Old Granite State," &c. Like all the rest of the family, he has his own individual calling at home, and is by trade a printer. The whole family are extremely attached to this brother, and it has been beautifully said by some of them, when speaking of him—"When Jesse comes into the house, it is as if he brought fresh breezes from the hills with him." This is delightful also, and gives a charming idea of the family spirit.—"As soon as he was seen, while yet but a printer's apprentice, coming towards his home on a Saturday night by the little footpath that crosses the hills, all would set up a shout of joy—even the very dog barked for joy of his coming; or when his voice was heard, singing as he came near, the sound thrilled to every heart!"—There is, it is said, an extraordinary enthusiasm about him which carries all hearts along with him; and at Temperance and Anti-Slavery meetings in his native country, his eloquence and force of character are irresistible.

Our readers are acquainted with the beautiful and picturesque custom of the Thanksgiving day, which originating from the Puritans, in celebration of the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in a land of liberty and peace, is now become as much a social as a national festival. The American farmer holds his Thanksgiving day at the close of the harvest, when he has enriched himself with the bounty of the year, and his heart naturally overflows with gratitude to the Giver of all good. Happy families celebrate it, perhaps on some especial day of domestic blessing, when all their members meet to rejoice together. In the Hutchinson Family this festival is held in December, on the birth-day of the old grandfather. Leavett now turned ninety, when four generations assemble around him, to the number, on the least occasion, of forty-four persons. The last general meeting of the family was, however, one of deep sorrow, and removing one beloved brother from earth, completed the quartett in heaven.

The four younger members of the family returned home from a tour of five hundred miles, to celebrate the annual day of rejoicing, and found their brother Benjamin, a young man nobly gifted like themselves slightly unwell. Serious symptoms succeeded, and the greatest alarm spread through the family; it was typhus fever, and from the first he foretold his death. Before many days the sister's husband sickened of the same complaint, and terror and dismay fell on the whole house. One day Benjamin heard the dinner-bell ring, and said, "Let me rise and make myself ready, for that bell is for the Thanksgiving dinner. Are they all come?"—"When you are better," replied one of his brothers, "we will have our Thanksgiving dinner;—we will assemble then together, and be very joyful!"

The usual day of Thanksgiving came, and the two young men lay on the bed of death. The whole family were assembled, and Benjamin called them one by one to his bedside, and shaking hands with them, and blessing them took his leave of them all.

Such are the circumstances under which have been formed the characters of the Hutchinson Family. Once knowing these, we are no longer surprised in finding the like in persons who pursue a profession which is apt to ware away the marks of original nature and simplicity, and to leave instead traces of art and conventionalism. But in them the qualities which grew up on the "Old Home Farm," in the "Old Granite State," are too firmly and hereditarily grounded to be obliterated by any after circumstances. They have the durability of the granite with the cordial spirit of home. You feel at once, in coming in contact with them, that they are true spirits.—There is a freshness, a reality, a domestic truth about them that come upon you like the freedom of the forest, the greenness of the field, the elastic breath of the country. In the midst of the throng of the city, and while administering to the pleasures of the fashionable, the spirit of the old, religious, and affectionate home, never departs from them. They make a conscience into their hearers the sentiments which animate themselves—those of noble independence, manly simplicity, the kindest sympathies with suffering humanity, and ardor for liberty, peace and progress. Let America send us over such specimens of her children, and she will fulfill our hopes and our earliest conceptions of her. They are worthy of the country of Washington, Franklin and Channing. When once seen the heart warms to them because they are simply incarnations of the spirit of love and luxury of elevated sentiments, and these are the qualities which, without any seasoning or striving, will draw the two countries into that bond of brotherhood which, however institutions and manners may differ, will make them always one great nation.

It will be seen that we regard this estimable family in a higher point of view than that of mere artists or singers,—though we are fully disposed to give musical art all its glory; we look upon them as unassuming but most effectual heralds of great truths and the noblest sentiments, wherever they go. Their visit will not have been in vain amongst us; and whether they return to us again or not, our warmest thanks and wishes attend them. In that future, primitive life, amid their native scenes, with which they please their imagination, they will, we are sure, often visit in thought the old country, where they have scattered the fires of their generous sympathies; and we, on our part, shall often hear in fancy the strains that have touched us more deeply than the highest triumph of art startling and thrilling as it may be, but which falls short of the simple yet delicious song of nature, poetry and love, blended in the heart of a Christian.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Debate in N. Hampshire Legislature.

Com. on Judiciary, to whom was referred the bill for the suspension of the law authorizing the death of Andrew Howard, reported the same back to the House, for their action, with an expression of their opinion, that it was inexpedient to legislate.

Mr. Sawyer of Dover, in the chair.

Mr. Wilson of Keene, was opposed to the bill. The law proposed, was in his opinion, unconstitutional. The gentleman was in favor of Capital Punishment. We punish men, not for purposes of revenge, but for the security of life and peace. Crime is increasing in our State. The Gallows, as long as mankind are what they are, must go ahead of the Missionary. It was our only safety. A five years residence in a section of the country where the Bowie Knife gleams, and where the pistol is the accompaniment of every villain that walks abroad, had deepened his opinions upon this question. He must go against the bill.

Mr. Hale was glad the gentleman had put this question upon the only ground upon which it could stand. 'The Gallows must go before the Missionary!' What is that, but saying, the Gallows is more potent than the cross! the Hangman more eloquent than the Minister of christianity! the Death Warrant more reformatory than the New Testament!

The gentleman had remarked that murders had increased in this State. Had not these murders been committed with the Gallows staring the murderers in the face? Was not the Gallows standing in those States where the Bowie Knife and Pistol were gleaming so frequently in the sunlight? Was not the Missionary a good ways behind?

He wanted the members of this House to separate themselves from the body, and act upon this question as *individuals*. As every man voted, he should act as if his vote were to tie or cut the rope. He was exceedingly anxious to save this young man—he was of the common brotherhood with us all—he wanted to do his duty to this man, and to these petitioners of his town. He did hope that the Missionary might be permitted to go before the Gallows.

Mr. Wilson, replied that it was very easy to obtain the signatures of 1000 females, in a town like Dover. But the women of Dover should remember that there are hundreds of thousands of women in this State, asking protection of the law for their lives. There were men who could be governed by nothing but *fear*. To such, missionary labors were of no avail.

Mr. Clark of Manchester, was ready to meet all responsibilities that might come upon him. The citizens of the town, he represented, were looking with great interest to the result of this case. It was four years since the people of this State began to discuss the question of abolition of Capital Punishment, and during that period, murder had increased in this State, at the rate of one hundred per cent. An attempt was made by laying a pile of papers on the table, to make a show. He understood, the petition was signed by men, *women* and *children*. It was not the legislature, that is taking this young man's life, but it is the *law*. He had no desire to see the hanging of this man—no member of the legislature has such a desire—God forbid, that any of them should look upon such a sight.

Mr. Peabody of Sullivan, said that if he should follow the dictates of sympathy, he should go for this bill. But wise legislators should not set here to follow their sympathies. He could not be more benevolent than the Saviour. In the statute book of Heaven, he found it written down, 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' This law had never been repealed. If so, show him the evidence of such repeal, in the statute book of Heaven. If this law was ever right, it is right now.

It is not the object of Capital Punishment to teach men morals or religion. It was to deter men. There were no mitigating circumstances in this case. The gentleman demanded a stronger reason than had been yet offered, for setting aside the operation of the law in this case. He was willing to have the full weight of the responsibility that might attach to his vote. He considered Capital Punishment wise and righteous.

Mr. Preston of New Ipswich, held in his hand a petition of 150, nearly all legal voters, of the town of Concord, in behalf of this law, obtained since 8 o'clock this morning, by a single individual. He thought the taunt of the gentleman from Manchester, as to the fact that *women* had signed the Dover petition, came with an ill grace, since the appeal of that gentleman the other day, to the women of the State, on this question. The gentleman from Sullivan, had quoted *scripture* in defence of the Gallows. He would ask that gentleman if his Creator took life in a case of murder, that came under his direct cognisance.

Mr. Clark, replied with some remarks about the drumming up of petitioners by Mr. Hale in Dover, and by gentlemen in Concord.

Mr. Sawyer of Nashua, said he should have to answer to a higher tribunal for the vote he was about to give on this question. If the gentleman knew that the bill should fail, through the casting of his vote, he should not hesitate to cast his vote against it. He thought the bill not justifiable by the 29th article of the Bill of Rights. The gentleman from Dover, had said that every member who should vote against this bill, would be guilty of Howard's blood. He was ready to meet the responsibility. He had no fears of being called to answer for his vote, in the higher tribunal. The ignorance of Howard had been referred to—he knew not before, that *ignorance* was a proper plea to stay the Gallows.

Mr. Parker of Fitzwilliam, quoted the passage, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed—for in the image of God, created he man.' The gentleman said the gentleman had referred to the sentence passed upon the first murderer. But he would refer to the Flood—the swallowing up of Korah and his host. The doctrine of an eye for an eye, had not passed away, as we may learn by the statute book of every land. The precepts of the New Testament apply to *individuals*—not to governments. Individuals are not to bear the sword, but *magistrates*. Our laws require if a man steal a coat—that he shall return seven fold. If not so, what would there be to deter from stealing. To be sure we had the Gallows on the statute book, when these murders were committed—but it was a dead letter. There has been a kind of morbid feeling, abroad on this subject. A good many gentlemen in this House talk a good deal about *humanity*. The men who talk most about humanity, conscience, and all that sort of thing, are the ones that have the least of it. Humanity had nothing to do with this subject.

Mr. Nesmith of Franklin, referred to the case of Prescott, who was hung a few years since in Merrimack Co. He watched the progress of that trial, the execution, and the result. From that execution he had taken ground against Capital Punishment, every where. The object of punishment, was not to exterminate our fellow men, but to reform them. He referred to the system of solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary of Penn, where such punishment proves too severe for human endurance—and idiocy is the result. Cannot punishment severe enough be meted out to this man, and permit him to live and enjoy the opportunity of reform. Where do we get the right to take life? Where does life come from? The gentleman had quoted scripture—but in vain to his mind. He wished to see this man placed where he might be brought under influences that would peradventure work his reform. He thought it no triumph of the Law, to hang this young man.

Mr. Sawyer of Nashua, made a few remarks against the constitutionality of the law proposed.

Mr. Peabody, thought the gentleman from Franklin, could not be conversant with the scriptures, or he would know the scriptures give men the express warrant to take life. The Jews, God's own people, had power to take life—and children, for disobedience to parents, were to be stoned to death.

Mr. Hale, argued in favor of the constitutionality of the law proposed. He also replied to the argument that was drawn from the scriptures. He tried to live out the principles of the Bible, but of the doctrines with the Jewish code, he professed no great familiarity—but if the dead languages advocated dead sentiments, he cared nothing about them. Did the gentleman amid the institutions of the Jewish code, find any Gallows—were not their modes of taking life, rather by crucifixion and stoning. When the cold days of December shall come, and some poor mother, of a Sunday morning, shall send her little shivering children out about some chip-yard, to pick up a basket of chips to secure them from the cold, let these men catch the little wretches, and stone them to death. The gentleman from Sullivan had asked when these Jewish laws were abrogated. He would tell him. When Christ told the disciples to 'put up the sword, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' And again, when He said, Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Gentlemen had expressed their fears, lest they should be lead from the path of duty, by listening to the sympathies of their hearts. He thought men would do well, oftener to listen to these promptings. Who gave us these sympathies but God, and he had no fear of their teachings.

The gentleman continued his remarks at some length, and with an eloquence and power, that it would be vain for the reporter to attempt to give any true idea of.

Mr. Vilas of Alstead, continued the *scripture* argument in favor of the Gallows—and wished the sympathy of the community should be turned rather in favor of the murdered, and the peace and safety of community, than in favor of the criminal.

Mr. Mordough of Wakefield, pretended to relate a certain conversion that took place between Howard and himself, at the Jail, and advocated his death.

Mr. Clark of Manchester, remarked that if it was necessary to go to the New Testament to find warrant for the execution, it was necessary to go there to find warrant for imprisonment, and it could not be found. He put this question, not on scripture grounds, but on those of expediency.

On the question of a third reading, the yeas and nays were demanded, and resulted as follows: Yeas 86, Nays 134; so the bill was denied a third reading.

From Douglass Jerrold's Magazine.

THE THREE VOYCES.

Ye glass was at my lippe,
Clear spyrit sparkling was;
I was about to sippe,
When a voyce came from the glasse—

'And wouldst thou have a rosie nose?
A blotched face and vacant eye?
A shaky frame that feebly goes?
A form and feature alle awry?
A body rack'd with rheumy paine?
A burnt up stomach, fevered braine?
A muddie mind that cannot thinke?
Then *drinke—drinke—drinke!*'

Thus spoke ye voyce and fledde,
Nor any more did saye;
But I thought on what it saide,
And threw ye glass awaye.

Ye pipe was in my mouthe,
Ye first cloud o'er me broke;
I was to blow another,
When a voice came from ye smoke!

Come, this must be a Loaxe;—
Then I'll snuffe if I may not smoke;
But a voyce came from ye boxe,
And thus theso voyces spoke:—

'And wouldst thou have a swimmie hedde?
A smokie breath and blacken'd toothe?
And wouldst thou have thy freshness fade,
And wrinkle up thy leafe of youthe?
Wouldst thou have thy voyce to lose its tone,
Thy heavenly note, a bagpipe's drone?
If thou wouldst thy health's chanels choke,
Then *smoke—smoke—smoke!*
The pipes of thy sweet music stuffe,
Then *snuffe—snuffe—snuffe!*

Thus spoke, and fledde they both,
Glasse, pipe, boxe, in a daye;
To lose them I was loth,
Yet I threw them all awaye.

Oh, would we be alle health, all lightnesse,
Alle youthe, alle sweetnesse, freshnesse, brightness,
Seeing through every thinge,
With mindes like the crystal springe,

Oh, would we be just right enough!
Not drinke—not smoke—not snuffe!
Then would our forward course
To ye right be as naturalle
As it is withouten force,
For stones downwarde to falle.

☞ Some vile fellow has published a document, purporting to be the 'Confession of Andrew Howard, written by himself, a few hours before his execution.' Some papers, we see, are publishing, as if genuine. Howard could not read nor write a word.

Massachusetts.—It was expected that the Govenor of Massachusetts would order a draft of soldiers to make up the requisition from that State, on the 15th. unless a sufficient number of volunteers should offer themselves previous to that day. They appear to be rather "backward in coming forward" in that State.—*N. O. Delta, June 27.*

And those who have come forward appear to be backing out.

Volunteer Bill. The following sums are appropriated for the support of volunteers and other troops called into service for the prosecution of the War with Mexico, for the fiscal year, ending July 30, 1847.

For the regular army, additional, there is an appropriation of half a million; and the following are among the items for the support of volunteers:

For pay of men,	3,497,000
Subsistence in kind,	1,054,500
Camp equipage,	130,000
Medical and Hospital Supplies,	45,500
Ordinance, Arms, &c.,	344,000
Quartermaster's Department supplies,	6,309,627

The whole amount appropriated by this bill is eleven millions, nine hundred and forty-eight thousand, three hundred and forty-nine dollars.

This is additional to the ordinary expenses of the War Department.